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## Original Poetry.

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For the Yorkville Enquirer. THE CONFLICT.

Around all mortals here there's trouble, And great sorrows often swell the breast, Till all on earth seems but a bubble, Toss'd on a mad sea that cannot rest And like life here a fleeting vapor, That awhile appears and then is gone, Where death, the fearless mighty reaper, Is ever singing his harvest home.

Few do more than touch the shores of time, Ere they from them take their departure, To a far worse or better clime In the never-ending hereafter-All hoping that the future holds in store Something better than they found in life, As we toil on, hoping evermore, Thro' the wildest, bitterest storms of strife. The earth hears but little else than chimes.

Solemn chants and funeral dirges, At all seasons and in all its climes; Yet life from all this din emerges-Eternal life-when storms have battered The body down to its native dust, And back again its dust been scattered To th' elements that contained it first. Then, away beyond the fadeless blue,

And beyond where human sight is lost In mist and vapors of every hue, Just where the river of death is crossed There will mortals to immortals rise, And hail their friends who have gone before And rejoice with them above the skies, Or weep, groan and howl with fiends below. The virtuous dead shall all arise,

And will flourish in immortal youth, Though the infidel this fact denies. Still it will forever stand the truth. The soul, like the body, here in time May be tried and suffer much and long. And fall by death; but 'twill rise sublime. And triumph o'er every foe and wrong. The mind, the soul, the immortal spirit

When free from death, sorrow, sin and pain Shall come where God himself is present And there in glory forever reign. Nor will it ever dim or darkel Though sun, moon and stars all fade away, But brighter will it ever sparkle Round the great white Throne in endless day.

Yes, heaven and earth may pass away-Worldly pleasures, honors, wealth and fame All may perish; but there's no decay To the soul, either in joy or pain. Then why should souls immortal grovel; Or act foolishly, indiscreet or rash? Men should be men, tho' in a hovel, Nor e'er barter off their souls for trash

Why let the devil downward lead us, Till we're robed in fiery flames, And on dry dust and ashes feed us, Until we're fettered fast in chains? 'Tis madness to be thus led away, In anguish and sorrow to abide, Where, through teeming darkness not one ray Of pale, glimmering light shall ever glide.

No; rather we will look above us, And strive with God to become allied, Where lov'd ones, who have gone before us, Are waiting for us on th' other side-A shining, bright and glorious convoy Who holds us ever in full survey, And all of them their powers employ To bring us victory every day.

Hard are the conflicts we wage on earth With the world, the flesh and the devil, Yet the prize is of transcendent worth-Immortal bliss, or endless evil. Hence the angels who hover o'er us And the howling fiends from hell below. Are striving ever to damn or bless us

In heaven above, or endless woe. Oh! why will mortals then go reeling, Heedless and headlong upon their way. From the paths of heaven's revealing, Like eagles hastening to their prey? No: let each heart now nerve for conflict, And labor till we o'ercome all foes, And we are called up to inherit Heaven, eternal life and sweet repose!

# The Story Teller.

# A RIDE FOR LIFE.

A Story of the Far West.

For several years past, I have been engaged in buying horses in the United States, and for our money and our lives. disposing of them among the wealthy Mexiand his life, he had to be ever on the alert. and possessed of the utmost caution. A drover is not often molested with his drove; for they know that his pockets are empty, and there is nothing to be gained, unless indeed some large band take a fancy to some of your stock; and then they are more apt to stampede them than to conspire for the death of I think I could not have kept my seat; but their owners. When you return laden with the dollars of the rich purchasers, then it is that a man must look out for his life.

At the time the adventure that I am about to relate, befell me, I had been very successful with my drove, and was on my way back in company with my partners, and three other men, whom we had employed to aid us on our passage from the States; and we were are passed by a frail bridge, oftentimes a glad of their company on our return, as they great distance above the water, and which were all stout fellows, and could be depended

upon in any emergency.
Some thirty miles this side of Santa Rosa, the road we were pursuing, on our return, lay that the race should end. through a wild mountainous region, that had the reputation, this score of years, of being one of the most dangerous routes in the eastern portion of Mexico; with scarcely an inhabitant, dark forests of heavy timber, save in places where fires had raged over large districts, backed by lofty mountains that raised and no sooner did my horse's hoofs strike the a rag carpet, besides making handkerchiefs their lagged summits above the tree-tops, and rocks, than I sprang down, and, with the aid of the pockets and a bustle for herself out of often times along one of the worst possible of one of the men whom I called to my asroads. Taken all in all, a better place for murder and pillage could not be found.

It was about ten o'clock in the forenoon that we left the wretched little village on the to the others for aid; but before they could western bill of the mountains, and struck into reach me, the foremost of our pursuers dash- of my shirts that I bought in 1847, still going the most dangerous part of our journey. Thir- ed on the bridge. I shouted for him to turn about making itself useful as window curtains ty-five miles over a terrible road would bring back, but my cry was not heeded. Another and pantalettes, and plenty of other things. us to San Migel, where we hoped to be before followed, and another; and then, with a Only last July our gridiron give out, and she the darkness became too dense for us to see

that we could do the distance with ease; but, they could not harm us. before half a dozen miles had been passed over, we knew that he had deceived us. He had told us that the three first miles would be bad, worse, until, at last, all our horses could do who afterwards deserted him for another. was to pick their way along at a slow walk. pectation of something better ahead; but in overflowing. An exciting case was to be this we were doomed to disappointment.

had been denominated a road, became almost young and beautiful wife of his overseer. the purpose. I've seen her cook potato parimpassable for our steeds, who began to show The husband threatened to chastise him for ings so's you'd think they were canvass back signs of exhaustion; and, to add to the uncomfortableness of our situation, dense clouds, house and shot him in the door. The mur- shavings so that the pig'd eat 'em and grow that all the morning had hung upon the mounderer was arrested and bailed to answer the fat on 'em. I believe that woman could build tains, expanded themselves over the sky, and charge. The occurrence produced great ex- a four story hotel if you'd a given her a sinsoon the rain began to pour down in torrents. citement, and Mr. Hopkins, in order to turn

stood by the roadside, we halted for consulta- ted reports about her character, and she sued tion. What was to be done? To proceed him for slander. Both suits were pendingseemed next to impossible in the thick dark- for murder and for slander. ness that even was now gathering in; while to remain where we were was hazardous in the known that Ashley and Pike, of Arkansas, Bulletin. extreme, from the cause I have mentioned, and S. S. Prentiss, of New Orleans, by enor-To be sure, there were five of us, expert in the mous fees, had been retained to defend Hopuse of fire arms; but what would that be, when kins.

place, when it was well known to us that the yers were overwhelmed by their opponents. bands that infested the country often number- It was a fight of dwarfs against giants. ed twenty, thirty, and sometimes forty under

from the right track in the darkness, or should bors? After discussing the matter, we decided to stay where we were until daylight. on the very spot where we were then.

it had been gathered.

ly constructed a shelter, turned in, all save which the jury joined. myself. I preferred to keep the first watch, for I knew if I laid down it would be impossible for me to sleep. A presentiment of danger that I could not get rid of hung over me, man with his long bony finger. He preceedand entirely precluded all thoughts of repose. ed to tear to pieces the arguments of Ashley, ing among the branches of the trees, save indeed, now and then, the startling cry of some lawyer, Pike. Then the curl of his lip grew wild animal, far in the depths of the forest. sharper, his smooth face began to kindle up, But these we cared not for. Brutes are of-tentimes better friends than men.

but vivid as lightning, red as fire globes and tentimes better friends than men.

Half an hour more, and my hour was up; but I did not call the one that was to succeed me. I never was more wide-awake in my his face. Then, without any allusions to life, and felt not the need of rest.

and I listened intently. Again I heard it mony into shreds, and hurled into their faces away back on the road over which we had such terrible invectives that all trembled come, and I was all attention. Again the like aspens, and two of them fled from the sound fell on my ear, and this time there courthouse. The excitement of the crowd could be no mistake. It was the tramp of a was becoming tremendous. Their united lifescore of horses picking their way along the soul seemed to hang upon the burning tongue road at as swift a pace as it was possible for of the stranger, and he inspired them with them o pursue, and at no great distance the power of passion. He seemed to have

what I had heard. That the approaching horsemen were banditti that infested the Hopkins, as his lean, taper fingers assumed mountains, there could be but little doubt; the same direction. He enclosed the wretch and that their number was treble that of within a wall of strong evidence and impregour own, there was still less doubt, we judged | nable argument, cutting off all hope of esby the sound that every moment grew nearer. But one resource was left for us: and that, flight in the darkness. A minute more, and derer to the scorn and contempt of the popueach man was by his horse. Another, and the bridles were arranged, and we were upon circle of fire, he stripped himself to the work to what else is it to be attributed? Contains their backs. By this time the approaching of massacre.

Oh! then i

Just as we were about to move forward, a ter I had done all I could to mislead them."

of the way, in the village we had left. This was enough. There was no mistaking who we had to deal with now; and I plunged the spurs into my horse, and, giving him the reins, led the way at a break-neck pace in the darkness. A loud shout came from behind. proclaiming that our presence was known. and our motive discovered; and the next moon either side, and above our heads. We were unhurt, and went on. Ours was a ride

for life that night. Onward we went, with the rain pouring down in torrents, and the darkness so dense that we could not see a hand before our faces, necks of our horses to avoid the long limbs and sobbed like children. of the trees that hung over the road; and on

That was indeed a terrible ride; such a cans in the vicinity of Mendova and Santa one as I hope never again to have Every Rosa. The route passed over in my journeys moment I expected that my horse would was infested with robbers on almost every stumble in the rough path, and throw me up- but to leave his punishment to God. This mile; and, if one wanted to save his money on the rocks whose sharp edges lined every was the most artful trick of all, and was calfoot of the way, which was now rising considerably, and every step forward told upon the wind of our horses. But there was nothing to do but to go on; for behind came the kins was taken out of his bed by the lynchers

shower of bullets would fly past us. Had I not been riding for so great a stake, to fail now was death. A man will do much when his life is at stake, and I thought a broken neck could be no worse than the cold

steel of the Mexicans. sounding in our ears, and I knew we were approaching one of those mountain streams that are so numerous in Mexico, and which by horsemen. One of these was before us, told us about her: and here, with a sudden thought, I determined

I reined in my horse, and my companions ing torrents, so far below, before I had reached could not throw it in the gulf below. I called I had never passed this way before, and, ride for life was over; those of our foes that ning rod, all except what she had made into upon inquiry of the innkeeper, he had told us remained alive being on the other side, where a poker and an ice-pick. Ingenious? Why,

### THE VOLUNTEER COUNSEL.

John Taylor was licensed, when a youth and that then it would improve until the of twenty-one, to practice at the bar. He highest point in the route was gained; but, was poor, but well educated, and possessed instead of doing so, every mile grew worse and extraordinary genius. He married a beauty On the ninth of August, 1841, the Court However, we kept our spirits up by the ex- House at Clarksville, Texas, was crowded to feather bed with the feathers that she got off tried. George Hopkius, a wealthy planter, ize the roaches in the kitchen, so they'd run A dozen miles, and the miserable path, that offered a gross insult to Mary Allison, the the churn-had a machine she invented for Beneath the branches of a huge tree that the tide of popular indignation, had circula-

taken unawares in the night time in such a Hopkins was acquitted. The Texas law- wretch has come to his death by it.

The slander suit was ready for trial, and the throng of spectators grew in number, as The ugly question came up for us to decide; in excitement. Public opinion was setting should we go on, and run the risk of straying in for Hopkins; his money procured witnesses who served his powerful advocates. we stay, and run the risk of receiving a visit When the slander case came up, it was left from our unwelcome and doubtless near neigh- without an attorney-all had withdrawn.

"Have you no counsel?" inquired Judge Mills, kindly, of the plaintiff. "No, sir; they We would camp for the night; and that, too, have all deserted me, and I am too poor to employ any more," replied the beautiful A wild-looking spot it was, in sooth, for a Mary, bursting into tears. "In such a case, camp. On each side of the path was a dense will not some chivalrous member of the proforest, seemingly impenetrable to man or fession volunteer?" said the Judge, glancing beast; so much so, that we had to tether our around the bar. The thirty odd lawyers were horses, in the road, to the trees on either side. silent. "I will, your honor," said a voice The mountains frowning down upon us, and from the crowd behind the bar. His clothes the black forest, full of untold dangers, on looked so shabby that the court hesitated to either hand, all conspired to make the place let the case proceed upon his management. as wild and gloomy as it were possible for any "Has your name been entered on the rolls of place to be. It makes me shudder, even now, the State?" demanded the Judge. "It is imwith all of you about me, when I think of material," answered the stranger; his thin,

our situation that night; and then I almost bloodless lips curling up with a sneer. "Here wished that the heavy bag of gold that was is my license from the highest tribunal in slung at my belt, and which seemed to weigh America," and he handed the judge a broad me down as I had never known it to do be- parchment. The trial went on. He suffered fore, was back among the treasures from which the witnesses to tell their own story, and allowed the defense to lead off. Ashley spoke We had plenty of food with us: and, after first, followed by Pike and Prentiss. The making a hearty supper, we, having previous latter brought down the house in cheers, in

It was now the stranger's turn. He rose before the bar, not behind it, and so near the An hour passed, and I heard nothing but the which melted away at his touch like frost bepatter of the rain drops, and the wind sigh- fore a sunbeam. Every one looked surprised. Anon he came to the dazzling wit of the poetglaring as twin meteors. The whole soul was in his eyes; the full heart streamed out of Prentiss, he turned short round on the per-Suddenly I was startled by a dismal sound, jured witnesses of Hopkins, tore their testistolen nature's long hidden secret of attrac-

I woke up my companions, and told them tion. But his greatest triumph was to come.

Oh! then it was a vision both glorious and their voices could be plainly heard as they dreadful to behold the orator. His actions, too, became as impetuous as the motions of an oak in a hurricane. His voice became a voice exclaimed, in Mexican jargon, "But I trumpet filled with whirlpools, deafening the tell you they are not far off. It is impossible ears with crashes of power, and yet interfor them to have kept on in the darkness, af- mingled all the while with a sweet undersong of sweetest cadence. His forehead glowed I recognized the voice in a moment. It like a heated furnace, his countenance was was that of the inn-keeper, who had told us haggard like that of a maniac, and ever and anon he flung his long, bony arms on high, as if grasping after a thunderbolt.

He drew a picture of murder in such appalling colors that, in comparison, hell itself might look beautiful: he painted the slanderer so black that the sun seemed dark at noonday when shining on such a mouster. And then, fixing both portraits on the shrinking Hopment a shower of balls went whizzing past, kins, fastened them there forever. The agitation of the audience amounted almost to madness

All at once the speaker descended from his lofty height. His voice wailed out to the murdered dead, and living-the beautiful Mary, more beautiful every moment as her leaning forward with our heads close to the tears flowed faster and faster-till men wept

He closed by a strong exhortation to the came the blood-thirsty crew behind us, eager jury, and through them to the bystanders; the panel, after they should bring a verdict for the plaintiff, not to offer violence to the defendant, however richly he might deserve it-in other words, not to lynch the villain, culated to insure vengeance.

The jury rendered a verdict of fifty thousand dollars, and the night afterwards Hopdemons, sometimes gaining us, so that a and beaten almost to death. As the court adjourned, the stranger said: "John Taylor will preach here at early candle light." He did preach, and the house was crowded.

We have listened to Clay, Webster and Beecher, but never heard anything in the form of sublime words even approximating to the eloquence of John Taylor; massive as For some minutes a dull roar had been a mountain and rushing as a cataract of fire.

#### A WIFE'S WONDERFUL ECONOMY. We had been out to the graveyard to bury

Mrs. Pigeon, and we were riding home in the carriage with the bereaved widower. While have to be crossed with the utmost caution he sopped his eyes with his handkerchief, he "In one aspect I never saw her equal. She

was a manager. I've knowed that woman that's lying out there in the tomb, to take an passed over before me. The frail structure old pair of trousers and cut them up for the trembled like a thing of life, and I did not boys. She'd make a splendid suit of clothes know but that it would go down into the roar- for both of them out of them old pants, get out stuff enough for a coat for the baby and the other side. But it bore me safe across; cap for Johnny, and have some left over for of one of the men whom I called to my as-sistance, I moved one of the supports of the and it was as good as a gold mine. Why bridge a little way; but with all our force we she'd take a worn out sock and make a brand new overcoat out of it. I believe. She had a turn for that kind of economy. There's one crash, and a cry of mortal terror, the mass took it apart, and in two hours it was rigged fell into the roaring torrent beneath, and our on the side of the house as a splendid lightshe kept our family in buttons and whistles out of the ham bones she saved, and she made fifteen princely chicken coops from her old hoopskirts, and a pig pen out of her used-up corset bones. She never wasted a solitary thing. Let a cat die around our house, and the first thing you knew Mary Jane'd have a muff and a set of furs, and I'd begin to find mince pies on the dinner table. "he'd stuff a one little bit of a rooster, and she'd even utilgle pine board, or a steamboat out of a wash boiler, and the very last thing she said to me was to bury her in the garden so's she'd be useful down below there, helping to shove up the cabbages. I'll never see her like again. I don't believe he will either .- Philadelphia

a good exercise for health, but many a poor

A LAY SERMON.

BEFORE I SPEAK, I AM MASTER OF THE WORD-AFTER I SPEAK, IT IS THE MASTER OF ME. It is a solemn thought that every spoken word is as undying as the soul of man, destined to live after it has apparently passed away, and pregnant with a meaning which cannot be fully known until time shall give it a final definition. Words are so prodigally cast abroad that we have learned to believe that they fall as heedlessly to the ground. Yet in some awful moment, like ghosts from forgotten graves, they confront, with a new significance. him, who, with perhaps no purpose, sent them on their shadowy mission. The Bible tells us that, "of every idle word man shall utter, he shall give an account." Man scarcely believes-dares not believe-that the record of his foolish, hasty utterances is yet to be brought before him. What more incredible than the assertion that these idle words, which have no meaning beyond the trifling interest of the moment, should be treasured up and counted against us? And yet it is not the Master who will reckon them. Man himself will be his own judge, when, in these idle words, changed beyond recognition by the full development of the original seed, he will recognize the harvest he sowed. If the sins of the fathers are visited on the generations unborn, (and seeing the transmission of hereditary taints and stigmas, we cannot question it,) it is but just that the sins of these children of air should be attributed to those who gave them birth. The importance of words is not to be exag-

gerated. Their influence for good or ill is in-calculable. Through them life is shaped into beauty or distorted from its original design. Words which are pure and holy, grow with our growth into the unutterable thoughts which find expression in noble deeds. Those which are base and untrue, transform man into their own image. A chance word has restrained man from evil. Another, as accidental, has marked innocence with an indelible stain. There are loving words, whose melody time nor death can silence. There are bitter words which darken all life, and pursue speaker and hearer beyond the tomb. Perhaps each one, looking back on his own career, may recall some casual word, which quickened into life the germ, whose newly awakened power was to bear good fruit. A passing word has created a prejudice, undermined an opinion apparently fixed, or has given a new bent to life. The idle words on which the formation of character hangs, are too slight to be computed. A child filled with moral precepts during its early years, and then placed where no open violation of smile or sly word follows any allusion to them, speedily becomes either a hypocrite or an unaction, and insensibly to himself, unless he is tone of his surroundings. Seeing these things, Pistol. how dare we speak unadvisedly with our lips?
"By thy words thou shalt be justified, and, by thy words thou shalt be condemned." All our heedless, impatient, cruel, thankless, unholy words are hourly accumulating. We recklessly multiply them, forgetting that their life begins only when we cast them off, and that their work is yet to be proved.

Custom only can deaden the heart to certain inaccuracies of speech prevalent in society. For a season or two the young "debutante" may shrink from the forms of prevarication made necessary by a due observance of the laws of civility. But as the years go by, words which were once a subject of conscientious scruple, lose their obnoxiousness Regarded as a mere formula, they are uttered with a surprising fluency, and those of a more daring nature are readily adopted. The polite falsehood, the weak censure, the poor scandal which once alarmed the virgin soul. become its daily requirements in stronger and ever increasing doses. The harm wrought by idle words is forgotten. Only the need of fitting them to present emergencies is remembered. "Guard well our thoughts; our thoughts are heard in heaven." How, then, must our words, which echo so far on earth, thunder through the blessed calm above! How the angels must veil their faces and sorrowfully shrink from the storm of unceasing words to which those who are said to be "s little less than the angels," dedicate their divine gift of speech! Every moment it is in our power to bridge over the chasm which lies between earth and heaven, by dropping one kind word in the abyss. Every moment we can widen the distance between hell and heaven by withholding the harsh word or unjust know the potency of words. Most of us have felt their sting. But when they rise tumultuously to the lips, who pauses to weigh them? As we have suffered through their cruel force, so let others learn their strength. The hardening process is strongly advocated by those whose sensibilities have been blunted by the

Some persons think that in order to be agreeable, they must pour forth a stream of that Mrs. Crawford, mother of Commodore words, no matter what their interest or worth may be. "Conversational powers," they are urged the Commodore, in his presence, to see fond of styling this infirmity. It is generally a subject of intense self-gratification with the Commodore then said: "Doctor, you go those who fail to perceive that the most fas- right down stairs and tell him to go out of cinating are not the most loquacious; but those whose rare, well chosen words reveal kind hearts and cultivated minds. One great | Crawford, you go down with the Doctor and man naturally shrank from the personal conadvantage of taciturnity is that it is always see that he delivers the message;" the two flicts which the use of such arms rendered neattributed to profound merit. The disadvan- went down stairs, but Cornelius had gone cessary. Experience in the use of their arms possibly engage in. tage of speech is that it generally dispels the away; the Commodore gave no reason for his and familiarity with such conflicts, were a neillusion. The man who can hold his tongue action, merely saying that he did not want cessity before men could, with any certainty, may successfully pretend to any degree of er- Cornelius in the house; the occasion referred be brought to face them. But the invention udition. The proof of a fool is that he can- to was in the month of July or August, 1876. not stand the test. "Mediocrity talks; Genius The Commodore said to the Doctor: "Had I observes." The great talker is necessarily, died in 1833 or 1836, or even 1854, the world at some times and to many people, a still wouldn't know that I ever lived; but I think are now of rare occurrence, and each soldier greater bore. Somebody, constrained to be I have been spared to accomplish a great an involuntary auditor, will write him down an ass to the melody of his own unflagging fixed it so that it cannot be destroyed by the he is the equal of any opponent he may be we should see a change. Men would grow voice. The fluency of which one is enamoured repels another. The sensitive know the \$3,000,000 or \$5,000,000 apiece, the first thing which this individual self-reliance causes in shine out through the eyes. We were not truth of the old adage, "Silence never yet was they would do would be to put William out an army, needs no explanation. Recent Prusmeant to be mere animals. Let us have books regretted, while speech almost invariably is." pang of regret. A wise man said that he ada Southern so that nobody can injure the hostile shot. It teaches us, also, that by a And if we should take time to write down the never went into company without feeling less road." like a man when he came out. What should we feel if our lives were not given to idle derbilt was less influenced by men around him words, and our sensibilities were not deadened than any man I ever knew. If he was interby worse than idle conversations?

that the person to whom the word is spoken is quite as likely to seek the same relief of The word is spoken by which we sertions.

The word is spoken by which we sertions. speech. The word is spoken by which we sertions.

Hiscellaneous Reading. certain degree, we are the arbiters of our own basis of the settlement was nobody ventured destiny. If words have the power to make even to conjecture, but the rumor met with greater power to give or to deny them utter- of the late Commodore and his children, from ance. "Before I speak, I am master of the the fact that the objection of the family to the word. After I speak, it is the master of me." unveiling of the Commodore's secret history

> GENERAL FORREST'S PECULIARITIES. Forrest's funeral was an impressive one. and, strangely enough, there was only one Confederate uniform in the procession, and that was worn by the occupant of the hearse. "While," says a correspondent, "the old soldiers and Confederate officers of Memphis fairly worshipped him, he was unpopular with a large portion of the community, who feared and disliked him about evenly for his ferocity and reckless temper." The correspondent adds that he came of a terrible family, his six brothers all being fighting men, and one of them, Bill, a desperado; the only man of whom the General ever was dealers of the South, and it is said that he promise; there will be no compromise. I were not promoted during the war) is someafraid. Forrest was one of the greatest slave was kind to his negroes, that he never separated members of a family, and that he alwave told his slaves to go out in the city and choose their own masters. There is no item stance of any slave taking advantage of the to do, I don't know." permission to run away. There were some planters in the vicinty of Memphis to whom he would not sell slaves at all, because they had the reputation of being cruel masters. As a soldier, his arbitrary ways and impatience of control were always involving him in trouble with his superiors. He ruled his though he were incapable of an error or a fault. The war ruined him, and he set to he intends to do, to the bitter end. Last Satwork rebuilding his fortunes. He bought urday he said he would not compromise for an island plantation on the Mississippi, below Memphis, and contracted with the city for the labor of all her petty criminals at ten cents per day per prisoner. He put up buildings and made the island a reformatory, and managing the plantation with his demoniac energy, was on the way to another fortune Senator in Congress had the temerity to make when the malaria of the island atmosphere

struck him down. Age did not make his temper any milder than it had been, for the correspondent tells how he ordered a suit of clothes from a Memphis tailor, and after letting them lie in the fered his sword in aid of the Southern cause. shop till they were moth-eaten, cursed the tailor most vehemently for a swindler, and pulled out a pistol, roaring out his intention dy Johnson, of Maryland, himself a Union of shooting the dealer like a rat. But he man, denounced the statement as untrue, saydid not shoot; and next day, in cooler mood, went round to the tailor and made him an apology so thorough and humble, that it was character and unstained honor alone sufficed almost painful to listen to. Forrest was in many desperate encounters, one of the most desperate being his fight with Gould, a lieuthese procepts is beheld, but where a covert tenant whom he had charged with cowardice. As the General was sitting, unarmed and twirling a small penknife in his hand, Gould blushing sceptic concerning righteousness. If approached him with a loaded pistol in his trigger. The hammer caught in the lining of Gould's pocket, when Forrest grabbed him contained in the following modest and characteristic letter addressed by him at the time. with one hand and, opening his knife with sphere where principle alone is the motive of his teeth, literally disemboweled his antagonist ere he could do more than slightly wound already a hopeless reprobate, he acquires the the General with another discharge of the

have been placed "in a bad fix," except once. General Chalmers and a merchant in Memphis, named J. C. Davis, had some small disvis' business office, when the door was suddenly flung open and Davis knocked Chal-The next instant he presented a heavy revolver at Forrest's head, exclaiming, "And this is what I've got for you—two Confederate Generals coming to whip one man!" "Hold on! hold on, Mr. Davis!" cried Forrest, "there's some mistake here! I didn't know there was any trouble between you." He was glad to get away, and began to inwas. Folks told him that Davis was one of "Well, he may be peaceable," returned Fordently admired his pluck.

THE VANDERBILT WILL CASE. In New York last week, in his testimony in the contest over the Vanderbilt will, Dr. my resignation to General Scott. Lindsey, the old Commodore's family physician, testified to his physical injuries and ailcensure which forms the downward link. We pepsia, and from dropsy consequent upon the life as a private citizen. Two days afterward, caused him a severe pleuro-pneumonia three of its forces which was tendered me. years later, and that he suffered from repeated

attacks of fever and ague. Dr. Lindsey, during his testimony, related Vanderbilt's second wife, had at one time this house, and not to come here again while fire-arms were used and in which the sabre I am living or after I am dead; now Mrs. and bayonet played an important part, each stock market. If I had given my daughters required to meet. The consciousness of power handsome, and women too. The soul would and Torrance in. The next thing they would sian history affords an admirable example and read them, and sermons and heed them. While a germ of conscience remains, the re- be quarreling among themselves, and their that it is wise in time of peace to prepare for collection of some foolish speech and idle stock would be thrown on the market until it war, and that the best soldiers can be made words must cause a feeling of shame or a would not be worth 40. I have secured Can- of citizens who have never, perhaps, heard a the art of overlooking is quite as important.

getting how far the shaping of our lives depends on the words which we speak. To a complications had been arranged. What the been adopted, or previous military instruction than soda-water, while the man's "smile" is seldom weaker than whiskey and water.

ife, happiness and character, man has the considerable credence among acquaintances was well known. A gentleman, who is supposed to be in a position to speak authorita-tively, said to a reporter of the New York Sun: "The rumor has no foundation in fact. If a compromise was proposed I would hear of compromise, but I am morally certain that peaceful days have dawned upon us, and now the opposing parties would not consent to one." Judge Black, in answer to the question whether there was any truth in the report that there was a compromise, replied emphatically: "Certainly not, sir; there is not a word of truth in it; and, so far as I can see, every indication points directly to the con-

Mr. Henry L. Clinton, counsel for Mr. Wm. H. Vanderbilt, said: "There is no comcan't imagine how such a report arose. The very idea is ridiculous. We would not give \$5-we would not give \$1 to bring a compromise about. What the other side may want

A life-long friend of the late Commodore said: "I have had a long talk with Wm. H. Vanderbilt this very day. As a result of this conference, I can say, with certainty, that he cannot and will not compromise. The thing has gone too far. The attacks on his character and his father's memory must be repelled. He has nothing more to fear. The worst that can be has been done against him, and he will lose nothing more if he fights it out, as \$50,000. To-day no sum would tempt him. It is out of the question."

PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND GENERAL LEE. [Hon. A. B. Magruder, in Philadelphia Weekly Times.] In 1868—several years after the war—a the charge that General Lee had applied to President Lincoln for the command of the Federal army, destined to invade and subdue the Southern States, and that, being refused, from pique and resentment, he turned and ofand thus was raised to the chief command of the rebel forces. On the instant, Mr. Revering that although he had not the authority of the accused to deny it. General Lee's lofty to repel the charge. This furnished the occasion for General Lee to give, through Mr. Johnson, not alone the conclusive proof of the incorrectness of the charge, but the clear evidence that he had himself declined, from a stern sense of duty and honor, the very preferment which he was falsely accused of cov- with temper, they are said to have lost it); acteristic letter addressed by him, at the time, that threw you off your balance before break its entire authenticity:

LEXINGTON, VA., February 25, 1868. Forrest never acknowledged himself to Hon. Reverdy Johnson, United States Senate.

MY DEAR SIR: My attention has been called to the official report of the debate in agreement, which inspired Chalmers with a strong desire to "go and see him." On the way, Chalmers met Gen. Forrest and asked doubt the correctness of the statement made in and faithfully serve a master who the General to go there along with him. by the Hon. Simon Cameron, in regard to deals gently and kindly with him. We have Forrest went, ignorant of the real state of af- myself. I desire that you may feel certain of ourselves taken a spirited Morgan mare

I never intimated to any one that I desired mers from the top of the stairs to the bottom. the command of the United States army, nor did I ever have a conversation with but one gentleman (Mr. Francis Preston Blair) on the subject, which was at his invitation and, as I understood, at the instance of President Lincoln. After listening to his remarks, I declined the offer he made me to take command of the army that was to be brought into the field, stating as candidly and courquire what sort of a man that J. C. Davis teously as I could, that though opposed to secession and deprecating war, I could take no ageable. - Semi-Tropical. the most quiet and peaceable men in town. part in an invasion of the Southern States. I went directly from the interview with rest, "but he put me in the tightest place I Mr. Blair to the office of General Scott, and was ever in in my life." Yet he never show- told him of the proposition that had been ed any ill-will to Davis afterward, and evi- made to me and my decision. Upon reflection after returning to my home, I concluded that I ought no longer to retain the commission I held in the United States army, and on the second morning thereafter I forwarded

At the time I hoped that peace would have been preserved, and that some way would ments. He testified that the Commodore was have been found to save the country from the suffering from heart disease, from hernia, from | calamities of war, and then I had no other hemorrhoids, from chronic cyatitis, from dys- intention than to pass the remainder of my heart disease; that on one occasion he was upon the invitation of the Governor of Virvery gravely injured in a railroad accident, ginia, I repaired to Richmond, found the conhaving the ends of several fractured ribs vention then in session had passed the ordidriven like daggers into his lungs, and that nance withdrawing the State from the Union, the result of this hurt lasted so long that it and accepted the commission of commander

These are the simple facts of the case, and they show that Mr. Cameron has been misin-Your obedient servant.

# R. E. LEE.

MILITARY EDUCATION. It was no doubt formerly true that the experience of actual war was necessary to make good soldiers. In battles, when short range us from constantly worrying and brooding of breech-loading and long-range arms and general education, have brought about a change. Personal conflicts on the hattle-field reading them. But men can afford what feels confident that, understanding the use of in self-indulgence, in hurtful indulgence, was wise system of legislation, this preparation can origin, progress, and outcome of a few of our Dr. Lindsey further testified: "Mr. Van- be had without the slightest interfence with troubles, it would make us so ashamed of the the business interests of the country, and that fuss we make over them, that we should be the citizen is made a better citizen by being glad to drop such things and bury them at y worse than idle conversations?

The chains we forge for ourselves would be and never say another word. I have observed country. A belief formerly existed that a Life is too short to be worn out in petty unendurable, if imposed as a condition of being. To hasty utterances and to unpremeditated words, the most deplorable errors described and the substitute of of life are to be traced. Trifling in them-selves, their full force is seen in the cloud that short and say no more on that subject. He selves, their full force is seen in the cloud that blots out the fairest promise. With the gravest interests at stake, silence often seems impossible to preserve. Some expression must be given to the impulsive thought, or we fear to lose the reputation of possessing wit and to lose the reputation of possessing with the lose to lose the reputation of the lose that the citizens composing it are no longer worthy out a charge against an arrested the citizens, and to lose the citizens, and to lose the citizens, and to los vivacity. There is no heed to the suggestion against riding out with lewd women, and that delity. If the institutions of the United States be true."

COLONELS WANTED.

"What Georgia needs," says the Atlanta Constitution, "is more Colonels." That paper proceeds in this way: We want it distinctly understood before we

proceed any further, that we are a friend to Le Colonel—that is to say, that we are a friend to the Colonel if he isn't a military Colonel. A military Colonel has no right to the title. He may have earned it in the war, right in front of the cannon's mouth, but more we have the insurance Colonel, the sewing machine Colonel, the dry goods Colonel, the commission Colonel, the grocery Colonel, the newspaper Colonel, and the lawyer Colonel. You may pick your Colonel from any pile you choose, and we'll stand up promptly and say we admire him. There is no honor in the title, and we take pleasure in bestowing it upon a friend and foe alike. To be a man and not to be a Colonel (unless, indeed, you thing preposterous. We can conceive of no such misfortune as that which prevents a man from becoming a Colonel in his own right. There is no law on the statute book against it, and if there were, it would be a dead letter. Every county, every community and every family, would cry out against the injustice of an enactment depriving them of their usual quota of Colonels. For our part we think that there ought to be a law passed conferring the title of Colonel upon every male child over twelve years of age, without regard to color or previous condition. In that case all men would be Colonels, and all the women would be Colonelesses. Here is the true line of progress. While Colonels are in fashion, let us make the most of them. Let us utilize them as it were, for the purpose of advancing civilization. It is idle for men who have no titles, to sneer at those who have. What would Georgia do without her 100,000 Colonels? Without its Colonels, what a weak and vapid body the legislature would be. Ah! no: let us cling to our Colonels. Instead of weeding them out, let us endeavor to nurture those we have, and invite others through the medium of immigration agents.

TRANSIENT TROUBLES .- Most of us have had troubles all our lives, and each day has brought all the evil that we wished to endure. But if we were asked to recount the sorrows of our lives, how many could we remember? How many that are six months old should we think worthy to be remembered or mentioned? To-day's troubles look large, but a week hence they will be forgotten and buried out of sight.

"If you would keep a book, and every day put down the things that worry you, and see what becomes of them, it would be a benefit to you. You allow a thing to annoy you, just as you allow a fly to settle on you and plague you; and you lose your temper (or rather get it; for when men are surcharged before his death, avouched to the contributor low it out, and ascertain what becomes of it, you would see what a fool you were in the

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.-Van Amburgh could handle his lions and tigers with impunity. No animal will fail to respond to kindfairs. Scarcely had the two Generals arrived at the head of the stairs leading to Dafar as my individual statement can make you which had been rudely handled and became entirely unmanageable through harsh treatment, and, by appealing to her intelligence and respecting her needs, in three weeks' time made her entirely safe and reliable for wife and children, and all who would treat her kindly and handle her gently; and we have, after five years, seen the same mare resume her old vicious habits when again under the control of one who resorted to arbitrary or brutal treatment. Always appeal to the better instinct of the horse, the ox, or cow, as well as the dog and other domestic animals. and they will never become vicious or unman-

> INDUSTRIAL SECRETS.-A century ago inventors concealed their discoveries. Workmen were put upon oath never to reveal the process used by their employers. Artisans going out were searched, visitors were rigor-ously excluded, and false operations blinded the workmen themselves. The Dresden porcelain was produced for two centuries by a process so secret that neither the bribery of princes nor the garrulity of operators ever revealed it. The manufacture of tinware was discovered in Holland, and guarded from publicity with the utmost vigilance for nearly fifty years. The English tried in vain to discover the secret, until James Sherman, a Cornish miner, crossed the Channel, learned the method and brought it home. The secret of manufacturing cast steel was also stealthily obtained, and is now within the reach of all artisans.

MEN WITHOUT OCCUPATION .- The man who has nothing to do, is the most miserable of beings. No matter how much wealth a man possesses, he can be neither contented nor happy, without occupation. We were born to labor, and the world is our vineyard. We can find a field of usefulness almost anywhere. In occupations we forget our cares, our worldly trials, and our sorrows. It keeps over what is inevitable. If we have enough for ourselves, we can labor for the good of

WE CAN IF WE WILL.-Men say they cannot afford books, and sometimes do not even pay for a newspaper. In that case it does them little good; they feel so mean while they really choose. If all the money spent

The art of forgetting is a blessed art, but

Bulletin.

Bulletin.

Swinging is said by the the doctors to be

Swinging is said by the the doctors to be

Swinging is said by the the doctors to be

Speech. The word is spoken by which we settlobe.

It was widely rumored in New York, on are committed to consequences not to be foreare committed to consequences not to be foreare. Thursday evening, that another and a satisfactory organization which may have seen. Afterward, we rage against fate, for any military organization which may have seen. A woman's "smile" is seldom stronger